

CHARIVARIA.

We cannot feel too grateful that it did not occur to the Labour leaders to require the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to hand over his surplus to the Trades Unions.

In the debate on the Budget Mr. BALFOUR warned the House of the dangers of the reduction of expenditure on our armed forces at the cost of that national efficiency which we have never had.

During King EDWARD's visit to Athens the Servian Minister was informed that no invitation could be sent to him for the diplomatic reception, so he went for a few days' visit to Constantinople, where, it is rumoured, a new Triple Alliance, consisting of Turkey, Servia, and Germany, was discussed. So much for those who talk of the isolation of Germany!

The Royal Commercial Traveller must be pleased. The KAISER's three youngest sons have now all secured Orders from the SULTAN.

Meanwhile the Turks have not been slow to take advantage of the epidemic of earthquakes. Two ancient pillars which marked the boundary between Turkey and Egypt at Raphia have suddenly disappeared.

The statement that two American scientists have offered to purify the atmosphere of New York for the sum of £1,000,000, leads a dear old lady to write to us asking why it is not possible to train dogs to catch the microbes.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, speaking at Ottawa last week, declared that Sir WILFRID LAURIER was one of the five greatest men in the world. He did not name the other three.

The Royal Academy has brought it on itself, and will, we fancy, meet with scant sympathy. An artist has written to a contemporary stating that, as his picture has been rejected this year, he intends never to send to the R.A. again.

An article in *The Daily Mail* declares that women are a great hindrance to traffic, which, but for them, would move half as fast again; and it is thought that they may have to be abolished.

The announcement of the impending appearance of a new halfpenny daily paper renders it not improbable that at least one existing journal may have to join the great Majority.

All who write books know the difficulty of finding a title which has not been used before. We think the author



Mistress (soliloquizing). "I'M AFRAID THIS HAT'S RATHER OUT OF DATE."

Maid. "OH NO, MUM. IT'S QUITE FASHIONABLE. COOK HAS JUST BOUGHT ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT!"

of "In the event of War with one or more Naval Powers, How should the Regular Forces be assisted by the Auxiliary Forces and the People of the Kingdom?" and "The best, least irksome, and least costly method of securing the male able-bodied youth of this country in the regular or auxiliary forces as existing and for expanding those forces in time of War" has succeeded; and, one day, when we are feeling well, we are going to ask for these works at a bookstall.

It is announced that the proprietors of *M. A. P.* hope that *P. T. O.* will soon go to *P. O. T.*

We note the appearance of a new snippit magazine called *The Scrap Book*. This is a happier title than *The Scrap Heap*.

The National Liberal Club is to receive a bequest of £30,000, to be devoted to such purposes as the Committee deem advisable. It is almost certain now that

the much-needed classes for teaching foreign members English will soon be established.

So many persons nowadays make gods of their motor-cars, that we are not surprised to read that an offer has been made to the proprietors of a Dundee church with a view to turning it into a garage.

The Underground was blocked for some hours one day last week owing to a Midland goods train running off the metals. The Midland goods train made the absurd excuse that it thought that the Underground never minded that sort of thing.

Quies non movere.

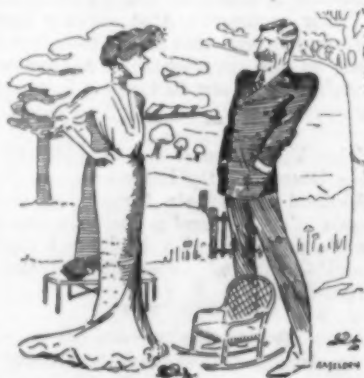
ACCORDING TO *The Westminster Gazette*, "while excavating for the foundations of new premises in Nottingham, the workmen discovered an ancient cove nearly 20 feet below the level of the railway." But poor old cove! Why couldn't they let him be?

THE SMILES THAT DIDN'T QUITE COME OFF.

ANYONE unfamiliar with the irrepressible vivacity of that charming and high-spirited actress, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, might well have assumed that some exceptionally funny episode had occurred behind the Garrick scenes before the curtain rose on *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*. She entered smiling; and with a few brief and perfunctory interludes she kept on smiling to the end. Constantly her utterance was choked with mirth. I could not find that it always arose directly out of the things she had to say, though some of them were most felicitous; she giggled impartially at good wit and bad, her own or anybody else's; and on the occasions when her words afforded a fair cause for merriment (though even so it is better policy to leave the laughter to others), the force of nature could no further go. "When she smiles, O Lor!" says little Alfie at the inn; and little Alfie was right.

I confess that I know nothing more depressing, on or off the stage, than an uncontrollable hilarity for which there is no adequate warrant. Mr. BOURCHIER, I see, does not adopt my view. He caught the infection, and giggled with what seemed to be a very honest conviction. Perhaps the play was funnier than I thought; yet I laughed promptly and spontaneously at times, though I own that I could not share the enthusiasm of the pit when the lady discovered that her ginger-beer had been tempered with gin; for through a fatal gift of prescience I had anticipated this humorous *dénouement*.

I am glad to think I was not the only one who failed to find a good reason for all this giggling. Mr. AUBREY SMITH, as the good Colonel, was most sympathetic;



Lady Clarice Howland. Miss Violet Vanbrugh.
Colonel Rayner. Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.

(The artist has been fortunate in seizing one of those rare moments when the lady's smile was giving itself a rest.)

he preserved a profound stolidity throughout the play.

"You are lovely, you two," was the comment of the American *ingénue*, Aggie Coles, on a passage of ordinary dialogue. We had to take her word for it: they had said nothing "lovely"—not audibly, at least. And, if much of this assumption of mirth on the part of some of the actors was unjustified by the text, the very title of the play may also be said to have begged the question. Frankly I could not share Mr. SUTRO's confidence in the "fascination" of his protagonist, unless, indeed, he was thinking of rabbits and boa-constrictors. He had, it is true, a very attractive *verve* and impudence which nothing could



DINNER FOR ONE (TWO PORTIONS).
Mr. Vanderveldt. Mr. Arthur Bouchier.

derange. Yet, if I were a woman (which I never was), I believe I could easily have eluded the advances of this "fascinating" Mr. Vanderveldt, whose manners suggested a Transatlantic *Mephistopheles* with just a hint of the facial methods of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS. Except for his overwrought air of internal amusement he played with a very pleasant restraint, preserving the imperturbable calm of a veteran squire of dames to whom triumph has become a habit; whose gifts are too notorious to be insisted upon.

Miss NORA GREENLAW's *Marchioness of Hendingby* was an admirable piece of comedy-acting: and so, in a more farcical vein, was the Rev. Hubert Langston of Mr. CHARLES FRANCE.

As for the play, its First Act was a superfluity and its Fourth an anticlimax; though the incurable aplomb of Mr. Vanderveldt, when he reappears unabashed after the defeat of his nicely-laid schemes, relieved the bathos of a scandal which suffered deplorably by comparison with the brilliant opening of *Man and Superman*. The scheme

of the excellent Third Act, when I saw it, had lost something of its piquancy through the revelations of the reviewers. The dialogue contained a few pearls among a lot of paste, the conversation of the younger characters being, for an author of Mr. SUTRO's reputation, curiously banal.

DRESSES.

I have read elsewhere an appreciative account of Miss VANBRUGH's costumes, and in justice to Mr. BOURCHIER (and to myself as a Critic of Art) I feel that something ought to be said about his. In the First Act, then, he wears unobtrusively a dark brown *complet* (a little too dark, perhaps, for the height of the summer) with a *cravate* in a lighter shade of the same colour, a white shirt, and a high linen collar to distinguish himself from Mr. ALEXANDER. Brown boots gave a finishing touch to an admirable harmony. The *ensemble* suggested comfort rather than smartness, the outside pocket for the handkerchief being somewhat *démodé*. In the Second Act he wears a lounge suit of the same cut (single-breasted), but of a dark blue scheme of colour, with a high-art tie in keeping, and, for head-gear, a Panama Homburg with the black ribbon of propriety. In the Third and Fourth Acts he has no opportunity for fresh creations, except in the matter of his motor-coat, which seems to be of the material of an aquascutum. Its tone is khaki, and the wide lapel falls back squarely after the fashion of German officialdom. O. S.

THE MARTYR MALGRÉ LUI.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES, who, it may be remembered, was most unjustly sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for an impulsive act of self-assertion, was released from Holloway Prison last Saturday.

His emergence from the grim portals was at once touching and dramatic. The eminent individualist had evidently suffered severely from his incarceration. His hair is thinner and grizzled at the temples, and he has lost nearly two stone in weight. Outside the gate a crowd of notorious publicists waited with their heads reverently uncovered, and as Mr. SIKES crossed the threshold their leader, Sir POMPEY SZLUSCHER, rushed forward and with true British cordiality embraced the hero of the occasion on both cheeks. Amid salvos of cheers Mr. SIKES was then escorted to the state glass coach drawn by four cream-coloured horses which had been thoughtfully provided by Sir POMPEY, and the procession, headed by a brass band playing "See the Conquering Hero comes," moved off to the offices of *The Geyser*, where a great public reception had been

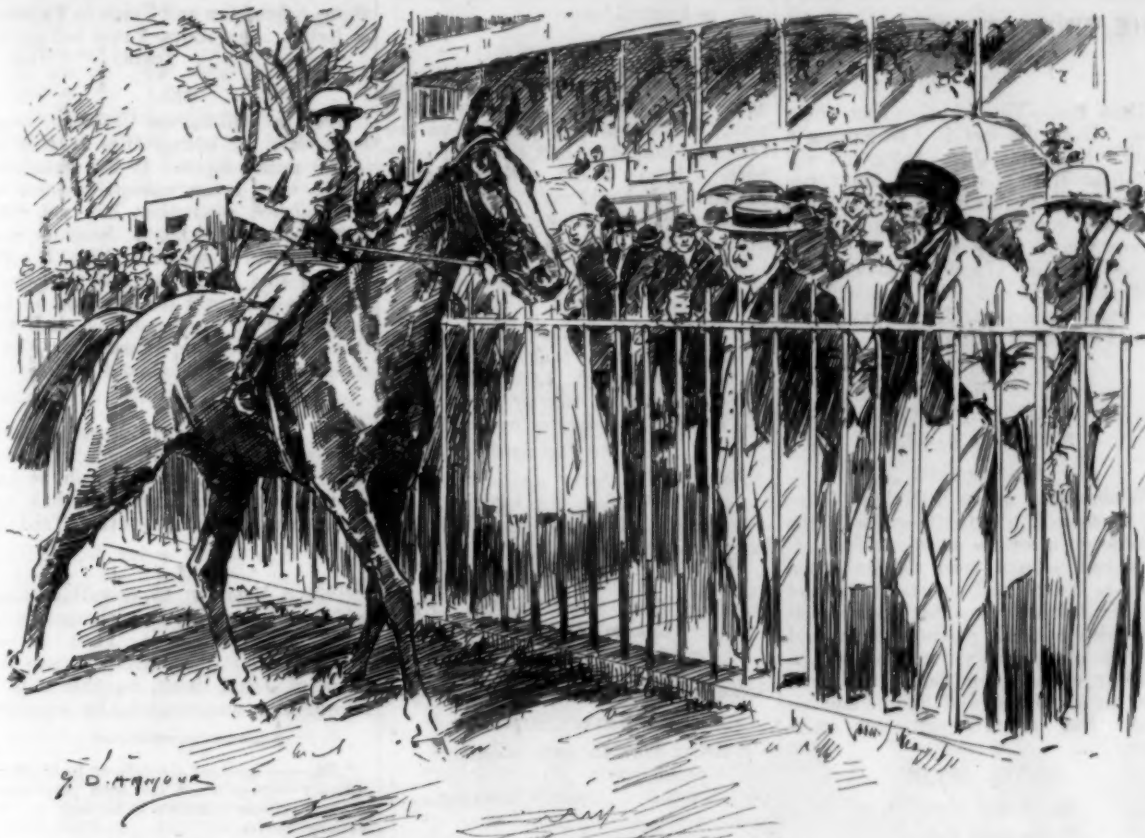


OUT OF BOUNDS.

JOHN BULL. "SHOO! SHOO!"



OUT OF BOARD



"BEDAD! I DON'T LIKE HIM AT ALL. HE WALKS LAME IN HIS TROT."

organised in honour of the newly liberated Martyr.

After Mr. SIKES had been ushered to the dais amid tumultuous applause, Sir POMPEY made a brief speech welcoming their illustrious guest. Speaking under the influence of obvious emotion, he said that they were met together to celebrate the restoration to liberty and public life of a great, a good, and a much calumniated citizen. Mr. SIKES might have been indiscreet—he for one would never admit it—but he had been cruelly overpunished for what he had done in a moment of expansion. Mr. SIKES's profession was the noblest in the world, for its constant aim was to readjust the inequalities of our social system, and to counteract that monstrous accumulation of riches in a few hands against which President ROOSEVELT had so eloquently protested. And Mr. SIKES was the noblest, because the most uncompromising, member of his profession. He could not trust himself to say much more, as his heart was full, but he must not sit down without informing his hearers that Mr. SIKES had undertaken to write the biography of his late wife under

the title of *Nancy, and Why I Killed Her*, the first instalment of which would appear in next Monday's issue of *The Happy Despatch*. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Mr. SIKES, whose rising was the signal for another tempest of applause, said that he never expected such a welcome, but the times had changed during his retirement, and he supposed he must move with the times. His own desire had been to lead a quiet life, but the choice had been taken out of his hands. Remunerative work was offered him, and though he was a novice at journalism he would do his best to satisfy the requirements of his employers.

The Duchess of READING, in a speech of fiery eloquence, said that Society would only be saved by men like Mr. SIKES, who had risen superior to his surroundings and, "by suffering made strong," sprang at one bound from criminality to sanctity. She earnestly hoped that he would not give up to letters what was meant for mankind, but would enter Parliament as a Socialist Member at the earliest opportunity and lead the attack on the House of Lords, the Monarchy and every form of vested

interest. As PLATO said somewhere, "*Corruptio pessimi optima*." Anyone could commit crime, or repent of it, but it was reserved for the few elect souls to emerge from the brutalising ordeal of punishment triumphant and undiminished.

At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman made his way to the platform and asked to be allowed to say a few words. Permission having been courteously granted by Sir POMPEY SZLUSCHER, the newcomer said that he desired to offer his sincere sympathies and condolences to Mr. SIKES. (Interruption and cries of "Why?") The kindest thing that could be done to him was to leave him alone (Shame!), or to assist him privately to make a fresh start in life. (No! No!) Instead of which he was being invested with a sham halo of martyrdom not for his own benefit, but merely to increase the income of pseudo-humanitarians. (Tumult, which only subsided on the speaker being conducted gently but firmly to the coal-shoot.)

The proceedings terminated shortly afterwards with a vote of thanks to Sir POMPEY, proposed by Mr. LEO SLEIMER and seconded by Sir TRAYNER D'O'VILY.

THE TRUE STORY OF JACOB SELBY.

I.

"DEAR BOB,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is, I'm writing a story. It's called *Jacob Selby*, and will be about 100,000 words. I know you will scoff as usual, and say that nothing will ever come of my writing, but I assure you I really am on to a good thing this time. *Jacob Selby*—why, the title alone will sell it! You will see the magic name on all the bookstalls soon, I bet you a shilling.

Yours, Tom.

II.

JACOB SELBY,
By Thomas Meredith.

CHAPTER ONE.

When JACOB was a little boy of five his uncle took him to the grave by the hillside on a certain afternoon in May. This had always been the forbidden place to JACOB; and sometimes he had wondered, as he listened to the whispered conversation of his elders, and watched their sidelong glances at one another, whether it was here that the Wicked Man his nurse had told him of had his cave. But on this particular afternoon . . .

JACOB SELBY,
By Thomas Meredith.

CHAPTER ONE.

"I am afraid I do not understand you," said SELBY, looking coldly at the other.

"My dear JACOB, surely my meaning is plain enough! All you have to do is—"

"Quite so," answered JACOB. "And then you—" He paused meaningly.

The other gave a satisfied laugh. "I see we understand each other after all," he smiled. "*Au revoir*, then," and with a bow he was gone.

JACOB SELBY remained by the fireplace, a frown upon his handsome face. GEORGIANA, Lady MANNERS, had once wittily compared him to—

—to—

—had once compared him . . .

JACOB SELBY,
By Thomas Meredith.

CHAPTER ONE.

As I sit writing here my dear wife looks over my shoulder and begs prettily that I will pass by nothing of what happened in the apple orchard on that April morning—ah! how many years ago. Through the open window I can see our eldest boy, sturdy rascal that he is, dragging his nurse after him to play some new game or other. Memories rush thick upon me as I watch him—

—as I watch him—
—as I . . .

III.

DEAR JACK,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is, I am writing a play. I have not quite decided on the title yet, but, of course, that can come later. Hero, *Jacob Selby*—GEORGE ALEXANDER, I should say. Heroine—but I mustn't give the whole thing away like this.

Yours, Tom.

IV.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The hall of Lord ARMBOURGH's country house. Oak settle on right. Fireplace on left. Lord ARMBOURGH, a middle-aged man of forty-five, is reading the paper in arm-chair R.C.*

Enter a Footman.

Footman. Mr. SELBY, my lord.
Lord Armboorough. Ha, JACOB! Selby. Ha, Dick, old man. I just looked in to tell you . . .

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Bond Street tea-shop. Enter Chorus of tea-girls.*

ACT I.

SCENE—*An old Roman temple. Moonlight.*
Enter JACOBUS SELBEIUS.

Selbeius. Now the pale moon—
The paling moon—(?)
. . . moon . . . palely loitering . . .

V.

DEAR BILL,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is I have nothing very great on at present. Just the usual game; odd paragraphs for odd papers.

Yours, Tom.

VI.

A good story is going the round of the Clubs now, in connection with the appointment of that eminent but little-known Colonial, JACOB SELBY, to the post of Comptroller-in-Chief to the Guavan Hinterland. It seems that . . .

Talking of Lord MILNER, I wonder how many of my readers have heard this story of Mr. SELBY, the well-known American financier. "JACOB," as he is known "on 'Change," was . . .

A fruit-grower in Suffolk expects great things from a new plum he has just grown. It is called the "Jacob Selby Greengage," after its discoverer's uncle, who claims for it . . .

VII.

DEAR FRED,—You ask what I am doing now. Well, the fact is, I have had no luck at all lately. I don't think I've had a line in print for a month. However, a friend has promised to introduce me to the Editor of *Hearth Notes*. . . It sounds pretty feeble, but I suppose it's better than nothing. You know the sort of

thing. Acrostics and Trials in Tact and so forth. . . Of course I may not get it.

Yours, Tom.

VIII.

J. S., a well-known Clubman, overhears Mrs. A. telling Miss B. that he (J. S.) once proposed to her daughter. J. S., who is an unmarried man of unblemished reputation, did not even know that Mrs. A. had a daughter, and is deeply in love with Miss B. He realises that there may be two JACOB SELBYS in the world (JACOB SELBY is his name), but at the same time does not think that such an unusual name is a common one. What should he do?

IX.

The Editor of *Hearth Notes* presents his compliments to Mr. MEREDITH, and regrets that the post for which he has applied is already filled. He does not care about Mr. MEREDITH's "Trial in Tact."

X.

THOMAS MEREDITH, 25, describing himself as a journalist, was charged with breaking windows in Fleet Street. Accused, who when arrested gave the name of JACOB SELBY, together with a false address, was remanded for inquiries.

"Mr. — has been the sufferer by an extraordinary outrage which has been perpetrated by some persons unknown in his hen run."—*Ramsey Courier*.

Nowadays any old Bramah with money can get into the best Buff Orpington Society, and the result is a scandal of this sort.

ACCORDING to "Industrial Notes" in *The Times Engineering Supplement*, "It is the practice in New York to summarily arrest any person guilty of causing the emission of smoke into the open air." It is reported that a stranger who was seen smoking a cigar in the street was surrounded by an excited crowd and immediately lynched.

FROM an official notice of the Pembroke (Dublin) Urban District Council issued in connection with the Acts concerning popular representation:

"A man, peer, or woman, may occupy part of a house separately, although he or she is entitled to the joint use of some other part—for example, a man, peer, or woman, occupying the first-floor front room and having the joint use of a washhouse may occupy part of a house separately."

The Evening Times, in a sketch of the family of ROTHES, states that "the seventh Earl was one of CHARLES II.'s greatest friends. He carried the sword at that monarch's coronation, and always had the King's ear." After a while he must have become quite expert at it.

BALLOONING FOR BEGINNERS.

[Week-end balloon parties, according to *The Car*, are the latest form of country-house attraction.]

BALLOONING is evidently "in the air" just now, and since, as far as we know, there is not at present any manual of etiquette on the subject, we hasten to fill the gap with the following rules which the tyro would do well to commit to memory:—

Never leave the car while in motion—especially when at a considerable altitude. It hurts.

Do not stick pins into the envelope, even if the balloon is a stationary one.

Should your grappling-iron "grapple" a harmless old gentleman and lift him off his feet, do not be too angry with him; let him down gently.

Take no notice of the rude gibes of passing pedestrians. You can in your position afford to look down on such mere earth-worms.

Keep well on the off side when turning a sharp corner, and always pass other balloons (which are travelling in the same direction) on the left.

Do not throw out empty bottles when passing over densely-populated urban rural districts; they will only get broken.

Should you feel an escape of gas, do not try to locate it with a lighted candle. Turn the gas off at the main.

When passing over a friend's estate, try and resist the temptation of dropping a sand-bag through his conservatory; somebody may be there, and besides, your friend may be a retaliator and a first-class rifle shot.

Above all things do not try to be funny in a balloon. When you are drifting over the Channel and are short of ballast, you will soon appreciate the "gravity" of the situation.

THE DUST PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE.

[Extract from "The Daily Mail" of June 24, 1907.]

MR. EUSTACE MILES's great discovery, that dust, when suspended in air charged with petrol fumes, is a powerful counter-irritant to all diseases of the respiratory and alimentary tract, has caused a complete reaction in public opinion, and the problem which confronts the nation is how to make the limited supply cope with the enormous demand. The usual



LUNCHEON HOUR CONFIDENCES.

"SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN TOOK ME OUT TO DINNER LAST NIGHT—SUCH A WELL MANNERED MAN. D'YOU KNOW, WHEN THE COFFEE CAME AND 'E'D POURED IT IN 'IS SAUCER, INSTEAD OF BLOWING ON IT LIKE A COMMON PERSON, 'E FANNED IT WITH 'IS 'AT'!"

inaction is displayed in official quarters, and private enterprise leads the way in catering for public requirements. Eligible corner sites at crossroads are being eagerly snapped up by the wealthy, while the Pulveropathic Company, Ltd. (the inventor of this name has followed the best classical traditions of medical terminology) is doing wonderful business, and has issued a most attractive prospectus guaranteeing a two-inch surface on the adjoining roads, entire immunity from the water-cart nuisance, and petrol-impregnated dust-baths in visitors' own bedrooms at all hours of the day and night.

Dr. LUSN's "Highway Motor-Omnibus Tours" (preceded by racing cars) have already achieved a great vogue, and

seats must now be booked one month in advance; while promenades in the wake of a petrol-driven road-sweeper are growing popular in all the best centres of intellectual life.

Dust-disturbing in its various forms bids fair to become a powerful industry, and if protected by the Government would give a suitable occupation for the unemployed for six months in the year.

The popularity of the new cure has gripped the heart of the people, and it is almost pathetic when the day's toil is over to see the weary multitudes flocking from the city streets into the country highways, and standing in groups along the grey hedgerows inhaling the beneficent nimbus which hangs like a cloud over the English landscape.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WRESTLING MATCH.

(Reported by Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

WHY, Mr. Editor, you selected me as your representative at this memorable contest for the Wrestling Championship of the World is a mystery I cannot attempt to solve. If I ever gave you an impression that I was anything of an athlete, I assure you it must have been quite involuntarily on my part. And certainly wrestling is one of the many sciences with which I do not even profess to be familiar.

So that, when I entered Olympia's Mammoth Stadium (I am afraid, Sir, that the phrase is only too likely to grate upon your editorial ear—but I cannot help it. That is what the Manager calls it, and he might have found some description which you would have liked even less. After all, it's *his* Stadium)—when I entered it, I had serious misgivings that I should be found out at once. In the Press enclosure I should be surrounded by experts and proficients to whom my ignorance would be instantly apparent.

But, on reaching my seat a few yards from the platform, after passing a cordon of officials in red scarves who rather reminded me of a Demonstration in Hyde Park, I was relieved to find that my journalistic confrères did not look so very formidable; they were mild spectacled gentlemen mostly, of all ages, and it struck me that in most cases their knowledge of wrestling must be purely theoretical.

It was about eight o'clock, and a gentleman on the platform in what is known as "faultless evening dress" was endeavouring to tell the audience all about two competitors for one of the preliminary bouts—which the audience apparently did not want to know, as they intimated with refreshing candour. But he got his way in the end, and the bout began. It was in the "Græco-Roman" style, which, as you are probably aware, Sir, differs in many important respects from the "Catch-as-catch-can." If you ask me in *what* respects, I am not sure that I should find it easy to tell you—but they do differ.

I asked a fellow-critic next me, and discovered that he was equally vague on the subject.

But, so far as I could observe during the evening, the Græco-Romans remain perpendicular for longer periods, while most of the "Catch-as-catch-canning" seemed to me to be done lying down on the mat in an inextricable tangle, like a pair of pink boa-constrictors.

During these preliminary bouts, which formed as it were the *hors d'œuvre* to the *pièce de résistance*, I made strenuous efforts to get my eye in, and follow the proceedings at least closely enough to discover which wrestler was getting the best of it. I cannot say that either my neighbour or I was very successful until the Master of the Ceremonies announced the result—which was never by any chance what we had anticipated. Perhaps this was because all that we could see during the greater part of the struggle was a view of what *Uncle Remus* might refer to as the "behime-ends" of the champions, and even when one behime-end was clad in cherry-coloured shorts and the other in sky-blue, they afforded little or no indication of the prowess of their respective possessors. At least I found that the "behime-end" I had connected with victory invariably turned out to belong to the vanquished. In one contest I noticed that one of the gentlemen engaged seemed to have inserted his fingers inside the other gentleman's mouth, which, however intimate they might be in their private relations, I should have thought was a liberty that would naturally be resented.

On consulting the rules I discovered that, although one party is forbidden to scratch another, or pull his ear, there is no express prohibition against either pulling his nose, or putting a hand in his mouth, which are matters left to the individual taste and discretion of the competitors.

For over an hour we watched couples of bull-necked

gladiators rolling over one another, and the spectacle, as a spectacle, seemed to me to be wanting in the element of classic beauty—it was strenuous but scarcely statuesque. Then came a wait of about a quarter of an hour, beguiled by music from the orchestra, which interval the occupants of the five-shilling seats in the Gallery employed in swarming down into the vacant two-guinea stalls, where they no doubt were cordially welcomed by the few who had paid the larger sum for a good view of the event of the evening.

At last the band, with a prophetic strain that was perhaps a little previous, struck up "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*," which changed, with as doubtful appropriateness, into "*The Red, White and Blue*," as the Terrible Turk mounted the platform. He may have felt quite cheerful and confident—but he did not look it. As he stalked to his corner, he strongly suggested some chilly bather at a French watering-place, going to take his morning dip on principle but without enthusiasm.

Shortly afterwards, to the sounds of the Russian National Anthem (I suppose, if the orchestra had known the Turkish one, they would have played *MADRALI* in to it—but surely even the "*Turkish Patrol March*" would have had more local colour than the tune they actually provided for him), HACKENSCHMIDT entered.

It struck me that he was not looking happy either. He came up in a brown dressing-gown with very much the air of a householder who rather fancies he has heard burglars in the house, and has at last made up his mind to get up and see what is going on.

After him came the Referee, a pleasant-looking, grey-haired gentleman in a dinner-jacket, who literally tripped, and all but fell, up the steps. The Gallery greeted him familiarly as "Good ole GEORGE," and "Good ole White 'Un."

The M.C. advanced and informed us that he "now made the announcement of the event of the evening, and probably the greatest event of the century" (which, at this early stage of it, seemed a rash prediction); there was a flourish of trumpets, and then the two champions shook hands with all the cordiality to be expected in the circumstances, and retired to their respective corners.

Then they advanced, and went through a process which I understand is called "manœuvring for the neck-hold," though it appeared that either would have been perfectly content to grab the other by the ankle or wrist. Occasionally this happened, and then the grabber would let go as though on calmer reflection he preferred some other limb of his antagonist.

Then, so it seemed to me, HACKENSCHMIDT must have suddenly proposed a game at bears, for he went down on all fours, while the Turk, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, hugged him tightly from behind, and "Good ole GEORGE" bent down and examined them both attentively, amidst exhortations from the Gallery (who seemed to consider this a piece of impertinent curiosity on his part) to "Get out of the light," and "Keep off the mat." As usual, I could only see the "behime ends," from which I could draw no inferences—till all at once there was a roar, and when I saw HACKENSCHMIDT being congratulated I divined (correctly) that the Terrible Turk had had the first fall.

Another interval of ten minutes with music, spent by HACKENSCHMIDT in his own dressing-room, and by the Turk, who looked a surprised and distinctly "sick" man, in sitting in his corner of the platform enjoying what appeared to be a severe jobation from his second. And presently HACKENSCHMIDT returned, and the second bout opened. Once or twice the Referee intervened—why, I could not understand, for they appeared to me to be getting on very nicely indeed. So thought the Gallery evidently, as they recommended the "White 'un" to "Go away and leave 'em alone."

Then the champions began to "play at bears" once more,



A LIKELY CUSTOMER!

Ratcatcher. "BEG PARDON, MA'AM, BUT IF YOU EVER WANT A FEW NICE LIVELY RATS FOR THAT THERE LITTLE DAWG O' YOURS TO PLAY WITH, I'M YOUR MAN!"

and this time even my limited acquaintance with the rules of the game told me that the top bear was unmistakably the Terrible Turk. Then once more something happened which I was unable to follow—but the upshot was that the unfortunate Turk was under-bear and lost the match.

His conqueror skipped from the platform amidst tremendous cheering and violent thumps on the back, while a section in the Gallery, who would no doubt describe themselves as true British sportsmen, booed the defeated champion as he slowly followed.

Shall I be exposing my lack of the true sporting instinct if I own I was glad to see that neither of the giants seemed any the worse physically for their exertions? If they had been seriously damaged, I am not sure that I should have enjoyed my evening a bit more. Anyhow, I hope not. After they had retired, the crowd stormed the platform and began carefully to examine the mat, though I don't know what they expected to find on it. One enthusiastic sportsman, however, succeeded in carrying off a little souvenir—a bottle which had been left in HACKENSCHMIDT'S corner, and which was labelled "Special Scotch."

It was not empty, but somehow I fancy he found the contents disappointing. I like to think it contained liniment.

F. A.

Carted Novices.

The Field announces "Practical Hints for Hunting Novices." We should imagine that the whole business consists in first catching your novice, and then hunting him.

SOME CLICHÉS.

MR. BASIL TOZER, in the May number of *The Author*, protests against the hackneyed similes which prevail in the majority of present-day novels, where, for instance, the young ladies have hair invariably resembling (1) a raven's wing, (2) burnished copper, (3) burnished gold, with "Cupid's bows" and "dainty shells" doing duty for other features. The matter is undoubtedly urgent, and something must be done to preserve the taste of the romance-reading public. We can but make the sporting offer of a small assortment of figures of speech to the purveyors of this class of literature. Subject to the ordinary wear and tear, they should prove serviceable for the next five publishing seasons at least. We suggest, therefore, that forthcoming heroines should be re-equipped with some of the following embellishments:—

Tresses, like (1) the pinion of a rook, (2) peroxide of hydrogen, (3) American "rolled gold."

Mouth, à la Jew's harp or Venus's fly-trap.

Teeth outvying the morbid growths in an oyster-shell.

Eyes that rival pools of ink, Reckitt's blue, Kentish cobnuts, or dog violets.

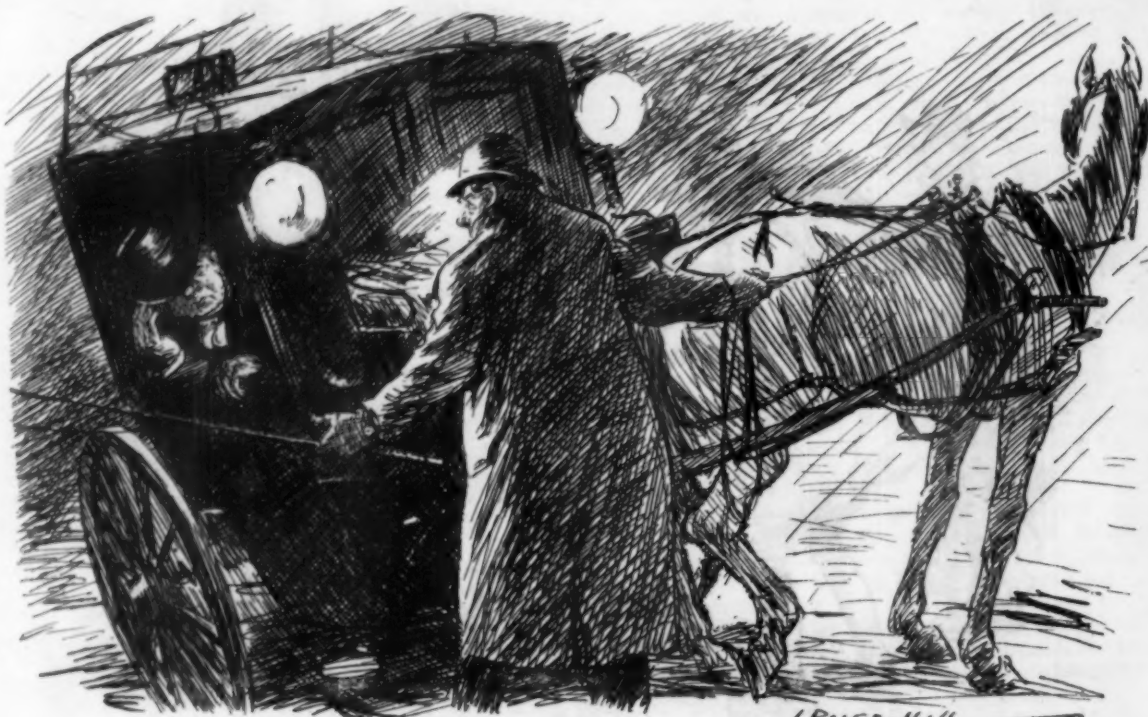
Eyebrows stippled with an artist's hand.

Ears, like (a) the half of a bivalve, (b) a periwinkle.

Forehead, smooth as celluloid or a hard-boiled egg.

Complexion, dazzling as the finest pearl-powdersalts of bismuth.

And so on with the rest of the catalogue. We hope the above are sufficient to indicate a possible manner of furbishing up some ancient formulæ, and, animated with the deepest sense of philanthropy, we reserve no copyright whatsoever.



Belated Traveller. "WHA'S MATTER?"

Cabby. "'ERE'S A NICE GO! ONE OF THE FRONT WHEELS 'AS BIN AN' COME OFF!"

B. T. "WELL, KNOCK OFF T' OTHER, AN' MAKE THE BEASTLY THING A HANSON!"

THE LIT. PAR. MADE TOPICAL.

(With apologies to too many journalists.)

In view of the fact that a bomb was recently found smouldering on the window sill of ex-President LOUBET's residence in the South of France, there should be a considerable demand for a work on Old Provence which Mr. DAWNLEIGH FOAM has in preparation.

The recent fire at San Francisco, which is so generally deplored, lends interest to a new book which is about to be issued by Messrs. BROWN AND YOUNGER, entitled *An Inveterate Matchmaker*.

Mr. FLOPTON WING's new novel, *Anticipation*, will be published by Mr. SHORT this week. Its appearance is very timely when we remember how we have all been looking forward to the Derby.

In connection with the interest that is being taken in the ELLEN TERRY memorial which a daily paper has set on foot, there is likely to be a run on the forthcoming art volume entitled *From Peg Woffington to Mrs. Jordan*, by Sir HENRY BIFF, which will be published by Messrs. DEKKEL AND EDGE, a limited edition at three guineas each.

The new volume of the *Cambridge History* comes out very opportunely at this moment, when Education is, so to speak, in the air.

Whatever may be the truth as to the fate of Father GARON, of which so much has been written of late, there is no doubt that the mystery will quicken public interest in the new sixpenny edition of JAMES PAYN's *Lost Sir Massingberd* which is promised by Messrs. BURLEIGH AND FRY.

The first session of the Duma, now sitting in Russia, lends a topical interest to a work shortly to be published by Messrs. BLOOMER AND BLUFF. Its title is *The Two Dumas, père et fils*, and the author is the well-known essayist, Mr. ADDLESTONE EGHAM.

Publicists who are anxiously following the course of events in Natal can hardly dispense with a careful perusal of Mr. LE BOO's new romance *The Wastrel's Revenge*, in which the hero runs away from school because of his intense hatred of Colenso's *Arithmetic*. The publishers are Messrs. SKINNER AND FLINT.

The opening of the cricket season

and the revival of some of its vexed questions lends a peculiar significance to the publication by Messrs. ODD, ODDER, and ODDER of Dr. BOANERGES BIMMS' new volume of sermons, *The Narrow Wicket-gate*.

RONDEAU OF THE SPEAKER'S DINNER.

A HURRIED chop behind a screen,
Oblivious to hygiene,
I swallow in unwholesome haste,
The precious moments not to waste
When absent from the busy scene.

Rich dainties of the hot tureen,
Fish, entrée, joint, p'tit verre of green
Chartreuse—farewell! 'tis mine to taste
A hurried chop.

Then back to hear, with brow serene,
Wit, humour, satire, folly, spleen,
Torrents of eloquence misplaced—
Till, when Obstruction grows bare-
faced,
I give it, with the guillotine,
A hurried chop.

The Candid Family Man.

"HOUSEKEEPER, Working, Wanted for Farm in District; four Cows; two in household."—*Laurencekirk Observer*.





Infuriated Motorist (to Waggoner, who has made him stop). "WHAT THE DICKENS DID YOU MAKE US STOP FOR? YOUR HORSE IS NOT FRIGHTENED?"

Waggoner. "NAW, SHE'S NO FEAR. BUT I JUST DIDNA WANT MA KEW HAT TAE BE SPOILT WI' DUST FRAE YOUR AULD RUMBLER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.

JOKIM seated over the clock in the Peers' Gallery, preserving that appearance of renewed youth that flushed him when he took off his coat to fight Don Jose's Fiscal heresy, listened to-night to the exposition of the 43rd Budget at whose birth he has been present. Some have been his own bantlings, born in the epoch immediately following the memorable crisis when GRANDOLPH, "forgetting GOSCHEN," left the Treasury Bench never to return. In his time has heard the magnificent orations in which Mr. G. threw a glamour over Customs and Excise duties, making almost pleasant the duty of paying an extra penny on the Income Tax. He listened to BOB LOWE's trifling with the Match Tax, irresistibly tempted by the lure of a Latin tag. Lowe had his jest ("Ex luce lucellum"), and they had his estate.

He was familiar with STAFFORD NORTH-COTE's placid speech; witnessed HICKS BEACH's bloodless dissection of the body corporate of Finance; looked on whilst RITCHIE conducted his mock auction with

the Income Tax—"Will you have a penny off? Shall I make it twopence? Then it shall be threepence;" was present when HARCOURT triumphantly proclaimed the Death Duties which, as he subsequently lamented, enabled his successors to carry on the war in South Africa, to give doles to the parson, and to reduce the burden of the landowner.

With all his long experience never heard a Budget speech on model of ASQUITH'S. To say that it did not contain a classical quotation is to affirm maintenance of the modern manner which asserted itself when Mr. G. retired from the Treasury; but there were no jokes, nor any attempt at their manufacture. THE MEMBER FOR SARK, whose recollections stop short of JOKIM'S only by a decade, does not recall a precedent for this humane attitude. THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, his secret yet undisclosed, sways an almost servile audience. They nearly burst with laughing at the meanest ebullition of machine-made humour. CHANCELLORS OF THE EXCHEQUER, being after all to a certain extent human, rarely resist the temptation. ASQUITH, above all things a business man, had a widespread lofty mass of intricate

figures to expound. Literary grace, scholarly erudition, eloquent phrases, above all little jokes, might well await another opportunity. His Budget speech will, amongst other things, be memorable for the fact that it opened without exordium, closed without peroration. Straightway he plunged into the sea of statistics and with strong, sure stroke pursued his course to the appointed haven.

For the first time in a long Parliamentary career he addressed the House for the length of two hours. As a rule forty minutes serves a man who, in whatsoever crisis, has something to say with every sentence. It is the surplussage of reiteration, the inability to come to grips with one's own or the adversary's argument, that is responsible for long speeches. Avoiding these constitutional weaknesses, ASQUITH frequently concludes his speech within the limit of time another man appropriates for preliminary observations. His first Budget speech was a model of lucidity and, notwithstanding its two hours' flow, of skilful compression.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Tuesday night.—The chivalrous in-

etinct that permanently underlies the manner of the House of Commons had fresh illustration to-day. Everyone regrets occasion of absence of SON AUSTEN when, yesterday, Budget was introduced. His successor at the Treasury, opening his speech, made graceful, sympathetic reference to the incident.

DON JOSÉ, on Front Opposition Bench, shared its desolation with PRINCE ARTHUR. Latter attempts to ward off sad thoughts, divert attention from too closely dwelling on circumstances of adversity, by study. Brought down with him this afternoon what looked like a Book of Devotions. Producing it from breast pocket, bent reverential eyes on its closely-printed double-column page, what time ASQUITH endeavoured to put off REDMOND *ainé* with sympathetic words carefully selected so as not to involve inconvenient pledges. It is the old question of alleged over-taxation of Ireland. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, like the late General TROCHU, has a plan. He and the CHIEF SECRETARY brood over it day and night. Next year it will be fully fashioned. Meanwhile Ireland must be content and hopeful.

Throughout this little fencing match, and for an hour later whilst others spoke, DON JOSÉ sat grimly silent. House nearly empty when he unexpectedly rose. When he sat down after three-quarters of an hour's speech every bench was filled. His business naturally was to "go for" the Government in general, ASQUITH in particular. But he could not forget the latter's reference to "my right hon. friend, the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," and made warm acknowledgment.

Homage paid to sentiment, he proceeded to business. House, wiping its aged eyes, dim with tears at the affecting incident, gasped for breath as DON JOSÉ proceeded with amazing speech. The Budget, he remarked, is humdrum, commonplace. Still, in the main, it is the Budget of the outgoing Government. A poor thing, but mine own. "We provided the surplus; we framed the Estimates." Some details are faulty, the reduction of the Tea Duty, for example. But wherein there is anything creditable in the scheme, anything conducive to welfare of the people, then it belongs to "my right hon. friend, the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," and his colleagues.

Credit was taken by ASQUITH for stern sacrifice to sound finance by insisting on overwhelmed tax-payer contributing an extra half-million to service of the debt. Pooh! DON JOSÉ "could say authoritatively that, if it had fallen to the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to deal with his own surplus, he would have made a much larger contribution than this."

Then the Coal Tax. "My right hon. friend" whilst still at the Treasury had made up his mind it must go.

Thus one by one were the props withdrawn from the swelling figure of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who awoke this morning to find his Budget applauded from both political camps. He was a pricked bladder, nothing left of him but a crumpled handful of casing. Collapse made more striking by the figure of "my right hon. friend," inflated by fond paternal breath, slowly filling out to majestic proportions.

House so taken aback by this manoeuvre that for a while it sat silent. But when DON JOSÉ, changing air of banter for attitude of severest condemnation, accused ASQUITH, his colleagues, and the Liberal Party as a body, of dangling promise of Old Age Pensions as a bribe to the electorate, the spell was broken. A Homeric peal of laughter from the now crowded Ministerial benches filled the Chamber. Entering into the joke of the thing, they punctuated the rest of DON JOSÉ's speech with laughter and ironical cheers.

Business done.—Some Budget Resolutions agreed to.

Wednesday.—Everyone glad to see C.-B. back again, restored to health by Channel ozone. Has been at Dover for a fortnight, like GOLDENROD,

Rocked by breezes,
Touched with tender light,
Fed by dew,
And sung to by the sea.

The Opposition unite with faithful Ministerialists in the hearty cheer that welcomes his re-appearance from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.

Came in time to hear promising maiden speech from one of his young men. LULU, in charge of Bill limiting privilege of voting at Parliamentary elections to a single effort, sparkled with quiet humour. Speech had advantage of being delivered in musical voice with modest manner. FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS is a decided acquisition to debating power on the Treasury Bench.

Bill created consternation in Conservative ranks. Sound Constitutionalists see in it another prized privilege lopped off by Radical hands. In the final Parliament of the last century sat a Member whose proud boast it was that by taking thought (and express trains) he succeeded within the space of twelve hours in voting in eleven constituencies. When this Bill is added to Statute Book he will be saved some railway fares.

"What we're coming to I really don't know," said DIXON-HARTLAND wearily. "On the very day we have this Ministry bringing in a Bill abolishing plural voting, we read in the papers of a publican putting up a notice that he will serve customers with only one drink

per diem. What with one man one vote and one man one pint, our beloved country is hurrying to the dogs."

Business done.—Justices of the Peace Bill and other measures advanced.

NEOLOGIC TERMINOLOGICS.

[In an article contributed to the second volume of "Sociological Papers," which has just appeared, Mr. STUART GLENNIE uses the words "neotechnics," "eupolitics," "demiurgics," and "archontagotic kallagogics,"]

How oft in my search after knowledge

At college,

When Greeks would appear to talk rot,
I turned for advice to your pages,

Ye sages,

Omniscient LIDDELL and SCOTT!

And seldom you failed to discover a clue
To PINDAR and PLATO and ÆSCHYLUS too;
You straightened the crookedest passage,
for you

Were still (so to speak) on the spot.

And now from the shelf of dust

Where many a year you have lain
In a cloud of smoke and fust and must
I take you down again.

Full many a riddle you've read for me,
But this is the worst of any;

For nothing that dates from your old
B.C.,

However corrupt the MS. may be,

Is half so tough

As this terrible stuff

By Mr. STUART GLENNIE.

I plunge in its abyrama,

And there I find

With wondering mind

Most weird neologisms.

Yet with your aid, immortal twain,

I struggle, not, at first, in vain.

At "neotechnics" I can guess;

"Eupolitics" perchance express

A kind of meaning—more or less;

And "demiurgics," too, appear

To hint at something, though, I fear,

Precisely what, is not quite clear.

But then I find a phrase

Most unexpectedly let off on us,
That throws the startled senses in a maze—

Fantastical and most kakophonous.

Not all your learning, deathless pair,

Can tell the meaning hidden there—

Your wit, nor all your lion's share

Of sage etymologies!

Your pages eagerly I con;

Alas, they shed small light upon

The force of—what is it?—Archontagotic kallagogics.

Ah, LIDDELL and SCOTT, you may help one
a lot

In common or garden Hellenics,
But 'twill take all your art to assist us to
start

On the Greek of these queer Stuart-glennies.



LONDON THE LURID.

(Being a respectful amplification of Mr. George R. Sims' "Mysteries of Modern London.")

INTRODUCTION.

THE time has gone by to look upon London with an unsuspicious eye. London must henceforward stand forth in its true colours as the capital of crime, the metropolis of mystery, the nexus of nepotism.

If it were realised that scores of people whose death has been accomplished by the hand of the assassin are quietly buried in London cemeteries every year without the slightest suspicion of wrong, the public would be startled. But the fact remains.

It may be stated as an axiom that no murderer is ever caught. The few murderers who are brought to the scaffold are victims of the police. Real murderers, who may be counted by thousands, always escape and settle in London.

CHAPTER I.

Dark Houses.

The strange, the weird, the romantic, may be found at every turn of the great maze of mystery which is called London. The homes of mystery and romance lie often at our very doors, unknown and unexpected. We pass a scene which the novelist or the dramatist could turn to thrilling account, and to us it suggests not even a passing thought of wonder.

Yet there is no end to the death-dealing agencies of London. Poisoned doormats that strike up through the soles of the boots. Knockers that delicately abrade the skin and communicate their fatal essences. Bell-pushes that wound through the thumb. There are some houses where no wise man ever calls.

CHAPTER IV.—Life-long Masquerades.

Most of the men you see in London are really women in disguise; most of the women, men. The members of the Lyceum Club are nearly all men.

CHAPTER X.—Summary Justice.

Private executions are by no means the uncommon things that people suppose. Many an opulent and respected City man, whose word is his bond in Lombard Street, maintains a guillotine or scaffold, or even electrocution chair, in his West End house, and keeps a private cemetery in the country. I know of one such in Kent.

CHAPTER XII.—Secret Chambers.

When the interior of a house is set upon the stage, the fourth wall is always down in order that the audience may see what is going on. In real life the dramas within the domestic interior are played with the fourth wall up. Sometimes through the windows we may catch a passing glance of domestic comedy, but when it comes to drama, care is taken that no passer-by shall have a free entertainment.

Most London houses have secret chambers; and the older houses secret passages too, communicating with graveyards. One walks along a quite ordinary and outwardly respectable and obvious street, such as Gower Street, little recking of the dark tragedies that are going on behind the fourth wall: murder, skeletons, &c. There is one house in Gower Street that not only has a secret chamber, filled with bones, but also a

the houses have been renumbered. But many remain as they were, and Londoners pass them daily and hourly, little dreaming of the drama that once made them notorious.

What was Piccadilly before it was Piccadilly? Ah!

No house agent would dare to tell you all he knows.

Why do house agents so often retire and make room for new partners? Because their burden of dark knowledge is more than they can bear. The asylums are full of house agents.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Restaurants.

Everyone you see in a restaurant is a political refugee engaged in hatching a plot against authority. Especially the women. The waiters are all in league with them.

CHAPTER XLI.—Disappearances.

One day a man whom I knew—a prosperous suburban tradesman—went into a City office—the office of a firm with whom he had business transactions. He paid an account, and said he should come back late in the afternoon to give an order. He was going to his bank to cash a cheque.

He was seen within a few hundred yards of that bank by an acquaintance, but he never cashed the cheque, and he was never heard of again.

Where is he? Cloak-room attendant at one of the opium dens that are

so common all over London? Croupier at one of the gambling hells in Kensington High Street? Where is he? And this is only one of many cases. Think of all the sailors and passengers who are missing when their ship has gone down in mid ocean! Where are they? For the sea is not so poor a melodramatist as to drown them. No, they are all somewhere, leading double lives.

CHAPTER LII.—Deceitful Shop Fronts.

How would you like to be mangled to death? Yet it is not uncommon. Who would think that those innocent-looking little laundries that one passes, where the girls are ironing and talking so brightly, are really death-traps? No one ever came through a mangle alive. In 1893, Mr. WILLIAM PESKYBONE, the inventor, was walking along Park Lane. He stopped and entered a laundry there to complain about his collars. He has never been seen since. This is only one of thousands of cases.

Umbrella shops are rarely what they



AT THE WRESTLING MATCH.

Enthusiastic Old Gent. "Go on, SONNY! STICK 'OLD OF 'IS 'EAD."

moat and portcullis. But this is not exceptional. There is a house in Cromwell Road from which no butler ever emerged alive.

CHAPTER XVII.—The Sombre Bus.

One of the most curious psychological problems that confront the criminologist is the affection for omnibuses which criminals evince. They cannot keep out of them. Never trust any one in an omnibus. London omnibuses are in reality so many Black Marias *manquées*. It would be quite safe for a Scotland Yard inspector to mount the box and drive any of them straight to Bow Street.

CHAPTER XXI.—Tragic Obliterations.

There are streets and squares and terraces in London which have been renamed in order that they may no longer be associated in the specialist's mind with the dark deeds of which they have been the scene. Sometimes, where the renaming has been a difficult one,

seem. The umbrella is the commonest medium for the secret conveyance of nitro-glycerine and other explosives used by the anarchists who infest our city. The wise man purchasing an umbrella always takes the one offered him by the shopman. No knowing what might happen if he touched one of the others. In 1881 an umbrella shop in Leather Lane caught fire and burned out. Every-one attributed the fire to a gas explosion. *It was not gas.*

CHAPTER LVI.—*The Hiding of the Dead.*

If only the back gardens of London could tell their secrets! Oh if walls had tongues or even knew the deaf and dumb language! Many a motor-car is a tumbrel in disguise. You have seen those broughams that drive about nominally filled with drapers' patterns? What do they really contain? Ah!

CHAPTER THE LAST.—*The London Morgue.*

It is generally thought that London has no Morgue. But this is not true. Every London house is a Morgue.

ACCORDING to *The Morning Post*, the start of the Marathon Race took place at Marathon at three P.M. on May 1. "The winner," it goes on, "arrived at Athens two months ago. He ran splendidly, and finished as fresh as paint." This is, of course, easily a record, beating the previous best by two months, two hours, and fifty-eight minutes. After reading of it we do not wonder that the winner is uncertain whether his name is HERRING or SHERRING. Personally we incline to HERRING, having just read in the papers that "a plaice, which travelled 200 miles in ten weeks, has been caught off the Irish coast." There is evidently some sort of movement going on in the fish world.

"To ask the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS if his attention has been called to the following:—

"Pork Butcher, young, married, requires Situation; cure, make smalls, Germans; kill if required; good references."—*Evening News.*

"To ask what steps, if any, he will take to deal with this threat to a great and friendly nation (*loud cheers*); and whether the references mentioned were from the late Government (*groans*); and if the German Government has made any representations on the subject."

WE are always glad to see our dumb fellow creatures showing a spirit of independence, and we are particularly pleased with a horse who advertises as follows in the *Bath Herald*:—

"Useful Brown Cob, 14-2. Good and reliable in any harness. Owner no further use."

THE PHILTERED CUP.

THE Covent Garden Opera Syndicate grows confident to the verge of tyranny. It opened the season's operations last Thursday with one of the most exacting of WAGNER's music-dramas; ordered us in on empty stomachs at seven o'clock; and turned the lights out so that we could not look at one another, but had to concentrate ourselves on the heavy business in hand. I don't know what we had done to deserve this, and I disapprove of being treated like a child. (King ALFONSO, I notice, agrees with me. He preferred to go to the Aldwych, where they keep the lights up.) It is not that I am afraid of the dark; and of course there is no real danger to your pockets, even though you may be sitting next to a dramatic critic; but I had bought a book of the words, and should have liked to follow the sense of it all. I am sure that WAGNER himself would



A LONG STRONG PULL AT THE PHILTERED CUP.

Isolde . . . Frau Wittich.

Tristan . . . Herr Anton Burger.

have wished me to grasp the meaning of his music; for that it always means something I am honestly convinced. And with the book of the words to help me, if I had been allowed to use it, I might, for instance, have understood, when I saw the two lovers gazing speechlessly at one another for something under five minutes, with half the width of *Isolde's* very roomy private cabin between them, that they really had plenty to say, but were waiting for the orchestra to catch up with the situation. I might further have gathered that the Cup, in which the germs of death were believed to lurk, actually contained a *philtre*, or amatory potion; whereas, from seeing it jerked about in a series of dramatic spasms and recklessly held aloft at impossible angles, I concluded that it was empty by the time it reached the gentleman's lips.

No, if the lights must be turned down somewhere, let them be turned down on the stage. Then some illusion might be preserved. As it was, if I may say it with-

out discourtesy, the somewhat opulent figures of *Tristan* and *Isolde* offered little correspondence with one's conception of a pair of relatively youthful lovers, to say nothing of the emaciation which commonly attends an ill-starred passion. What is it in the physical conditions of the Fatherland that makes it so difficult for German Opera to secure singers who shall convey some sort of impression of the heroic type in its early vigour and grace? If such vocalists are not to be had, why not select actors for the suitability of their physique and let them move through their parts in dumb pantomime while the singing is being done in the wings?

It was the boast of WAGNER that in his music-dramas he aimed at a combination of the arts in which each should have its fair share. I will not dare to advance the heresy that it is still the music (dramatic music, I admit) that comes first and the rest where they can. But I may safely say that the plastic art is left to take its own chance when an actor is chosen without due regard to the question of his ability to look the part.

Frau WITTICH, at her best in the less strenuous passages, sang admirably, and played with fine intelligence. Herr ANTON BURGER, though his appearance was not heroic, and though he never seemed quite comfortable on the blue rug that covered the garden seat, did justice to the beauty of the famous love duet and to that most exquisite of airs in which he resigns himself to death—

"Es ist das dunkel
Nacht'ge Land."

I withdrew after this, knowing that *Tristan* was a perfect vulture at the swan-song, and would take a most unconscionable time in dying; also that I was leaving things quite safe in the mobile hands of Dr. RICHTER.

SPIURRED on by the example of journalistic tact that we gave the other week, *The Amateur Photographer* explains the Amateur Photographer Plaque in these words:

"The subject represents Photography seated at the feet of Art, having laid down for the moment she too must go, where, above the liar to her craft, whilst her sister points the way the camera and other appliances peep at knowledge, the sun shines."

We must confess that there was one dreadful moment in the fifth line when we were afraid the sun would never shine again.

SCENE—*Village School.*

Vicar's Wife. Now can any of you children tell me of another ark?

Bright Child. Ark the 'Erald Angels Sing?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If the reader turns to *Six Years at the Russian Court* (HURST AND BLACKETT) with expectation of finding tit-bits of scandal or malicious glimpses of Imperial privacy, he or she will be disappointed. Miss EAGAR was for six years governess to the Czar's children, and, moving about with them and the Court, had full opportunity of observing Imperial Majesty at close quarters. In her record she is discreet even to the point of dulness. Political questions are not even hinted at, and when here and there she discourses upon the social condition of Russia her remarks are not of the informing character that create appetite for more. The best parts of the book are those devoted to the nursery, of which, and its little occupants, we get many glimpses. The Grand Duchess Olga, eldest of four girls, is clever and original, with a pretty turn for sketching. Education in some other directions lacks finish. When the war broke out the little Grand Duchess gave expression to the pious hope that the Russian soldiers would "kill all the Japanese, not leaving even one alive." It being explained to her that the Japanese had wives and children and a country to fight for, she thoughtfully replied, "I did not know that the Japs were people like ourselves. I thought they were only like monkeys." Grim contrast is suggested when we come across the Czar in his Winter Palace, or at Tsarskoe Selo, listening to the prattle of his children while his Empire is being battered in the Far East.

My mind is made up, Sir, by hook or by crook
To review *Richard Baldock*, a capital book.
Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, who wrote it, is known
As a writer of excellent temper and tone.
Imagine a boy (you have been one yourself,
Before you got grey and were laid on the shelf),
A jolly, high-spirited, natural boy,
With a hatred for shams and a liking for joy.
His mamma being dead, you will find you would rather
Have this lady alive than his Puritan father,
A vicar whose thoughts seem to dwell on the tomb,
And to blame boys and men for their freedom from gloom.
The book as you read it makes painfully clear
The checks that impeded young *Richard's* career.
It is published by RIVERS; I much recommend it,
And if you begin it you're certain to end it.

Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait is the theme to which AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE have addressed themselves in their new book *If Youth but knew* (SMITH, ELDER). For their type of ignorant youth the authors have chosen to present to us, in Count Waldorff-Kielmansegg, a pompous, self-satisfied prig, with a heart of much baser metal than the leg of the lady, his namesake with a slight difference, in Tom Hood's rhyme. As his countertype we have a veteran fiddler, who pops up at every turn with a *répertoire* of *leit-motifs* for the youth's better admonishment, to save him from the wilful pride by which his own past was irretrievably blighted. I could have wished that the authors had set themselves the more difficult task of illustrating the two phases of their theme in a single person; but there was the need of a happy ending, and no doubt they knew their affair.

The book has neither the sustained passion of their best work, *Rose of the World*; nor the sustained artificiality proper to the life pictured in *A Bath Comedy* and *The Incomparable Bellairs*. Intrigue, escapades, a frowning castle and an *oubliette* provide the regulation elements of romance. The burlesque Westphalian Court of *not p'tit frère Jérôme* furnishes the kind of background which is so good for the display of historical colour and erudition in uniforms. The hearts of the virginal *Sidonia* and the antic fiddler—youth April and reminiscent December, that have no part, either

of them, in the midsummer pomp of passion—supply the thin red blood of sentiment. It is all picturesque and pleasant enough, but fails, except for a few chapters towards the end, to hold the reader by its spell. These charming authors are incapable of producing anything that is not graceful and refined and scholarly; but one has half a suspicion that their work comes a little too easy to them—perhaps because there are two to make the labour light.

Mr. LANCELOT SPEED'S illustrations have real merit. They show a very sincere sympathy with the authors' design, and have many touches of pure feeling and imagination.

LO, MESSRS. NEWNES have published at the price Of three-and-six apiece these volumes three (Their print is pleasant and their binding nice) Of BYRON'S varied mass of poetry.
Thin-paper classics are they, but to me
What most appeals is this:—that they are bound
In lambskin, like the wolf who fain would be
Mistaken for a sheep, and scheming found
Sheep's clothing best to help him as he prowled around.

There is a fine breezy out-of-door atmosphere about *A Man of No Family* (HUTCHINSON). C. C. & E. M. MOTT know not only all about horses, but are equally at home on the cricket field and by the trout stream. The hero of the story, *Joe Dawkyn*, is a sort of *Mr. Smith*, "a part of whose life" was told by Mrs. WALFORD to a former generation. A commonsense, honest, straightforward man, he goes about his business just as he rides to hounds—straight, fearless, and with judgment. A brewer by trade, only one remove from the founder of his firm, and therefore not yet eligible for a Peerage, he finds himself accepted in county society, a much more exclusive set than is met with in Mayfair. Falling in love with the daughter of the Earl of Melborough, he does not see why he should not marry her; nor, when the question is put, does she. The Melborough family—the Earl, his sister, and his Countess, especially the latter—are admirably drawn. I have not before come across work by these authors. If it is a first essay in novel writing it is singularly free from amateurish touch.

Glasgow Men and Women (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has a wider interest than its name implies. The book is a selection from sketches from life by A. S. BOYD, whose pencil is not unfamiliar in the pages of *Mr. Punch*. Originally published in local journals, they form a valuable contribution to the history of the last quarter of a century. Turning over the pages of the portly volume in which they are admirably reproduced, one is struck by the havoc death has wrought among familiar friends. On a page of portraits one comes upon clever sketches of J. B. BALFOUR, who lived to be raised to the peerage and the headship of the Scotch Judicial Bench, and of Mr. ASHER, who unaccountably missed those opportunities. Another interesting feature is the *vraisemblance* of veterans of to-day as they lived and moved a score of years ago. Here, for example, hero of a great Radical demonstration at Glasgow in 1885, is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, looking remarkably like Son AUSTEN of to-day. Another plate is filled with sketches of Mr. GLADSTONE speaking about the same epoch at Hengler's Circus in Glasgow. As I happened to be present on both occasions, I can testify to the faithfulness of the portraits. The book is full of memories. Mr. BOYD has not only summoned spirits from the vasty deep, but at his bidding they have come.

THE nine sons of the King of BURMA came to the school specially erected for teaching the Bible to them on elephants."—*Daily Dispatch*.

The italics are *Mr. Punch's*, and are employed to attract Mr. BIRRELL'S attention to this scheme for popularising undenominational religious teaching.